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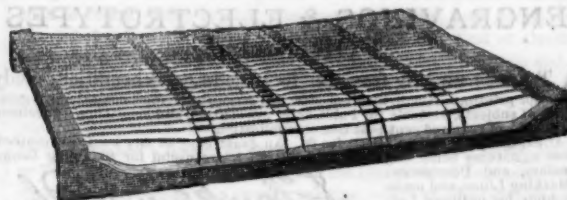
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21 NOVEMBER, 1879.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. V.—No. 210.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 21 NOVEMBER, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

AN ABRIDGMENT OF "GREGSON'S FRAGMENTS OF LANCASHIRE."

VI.

PERHAPS the most celebrated of all the feudal lords of the county of Lancashire was John of Gaunt, fourth son of King Edward the Third, who obtained his title, not by descent or right of heirship, but by marriage with Blanche, second daughter and co-heiress of Henry Plantagenet, surnamed Grismond, the first duke. John of Gaunt was born at Gaunt (or Ghent), in March, 1340, and was created Earl of Richmond when two years and a half old, having a grant in tail of all the castles, manors, and lands belonging to that earldom, and also all prerogatives and royalties which John, late Duke of Brittany, enjoyed. In the following year (1343) he received grants of markets, and in 1353 a confirmation of the Earldom of Richmond, with the castle, lands, &c., appertaining. He had also Lydell Lordship and castle, in Northumberland, granted him for life.

In 1359 he obtained the Pope's special dispensation for his marriage with Blanche of Lancaster, who was his blood relation, and the marriage was solemnised at Reading, May 19, 1349.

In 1361 he obtained a large grant of liberties, and all her father's manors and estates—the Honor of Pontefract, balliwicks, &c.; the castle of Pickering and Soke, Dunstanburgh Castle and manor, of the value of £187. 8s. 4d.—a great sum in that day. The wapentakes of Leyland, Amounderness, and Lonsdale, with the manors of Oves-Walton, Preston, Singleton, Wriggely, and Wra, Overton and Skerton; the towns of Lancaster and Slynne, the royal balliwick of Blackburnshire, the office of Chief Forester beyond Ribblesdale, the vaccary of Wyresdale, Lancashire, valued at £483. 4s. 0½d. per annum; the manors of Penwortham, Totyngton, and Rochdale; the wapentake of Clyderhou, with the demesne lands there; the lordship of Boulard, the vaccary of Boulard and Blackburnshire, the park of Ightenhull, in Blackburnshire, all in Lancashire, valued at £549. 0s. 0½d. per annum; the manors and lands of Hinchley, Leicester, valued at £47. 11s. 2d.; the castle and manor of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, and lands there, valued at £72. 4s. 2d. per annum; the manors of Halton, Runcorn, More, Whitlawe, Congleton, Keteshall (New Kelsall), and Bedestan, with the balliwick of Halton, the town and sergeantry of Widnes, Lancashire, but under the fee of Halton, valued at £312. 11s. 5½d. per annum; various lands in Essex; the castle of Bolingbroke, the park, the town, the soke, with the advowsons; the town, manor, and castle of Tutbury, Marchington, Uttoxeter, Aggareley, &c., in Staffordshire, Higham Ferrers and Raundes in Northamptonshire, Matlocke, Brasyngton and Hartington in Derbyshire, besides other lands in the Manor and Honor of Leicester, the Savoy in Middlesex, lands in the counties of Norfolk, Somerset, Northampton, Huntingdon, Berks, Wilts, Southampton, and at Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Castle of Monmouth, &c., Grassmont, Blencastle, marches of Wales, and large possessions in Dorsetshire—all these lands and possessions, being those of Henry, the first Duke, fell to John of Gaunt, partly by his marriage with Blanche, and the rest by the death of Mand, his wife's sister, without issue, in 1362. He was declared in Parliament, Duke of Lancaster, when the king girt him with a sword, and placed on his head a circlet of gold and pearls, creating him Duke of Lancaster, with all the liberties and regalities of an Earl Palatine; and also Earl of Leicester, Lincoln, and Derby, with the office of High-Steward of England.

A grant which had been made by Henry the Third to his son, Edmund Crouchback, of several exemptions and privileges to himself and tenants, had been given up and cancelled by Earl Henry, son to that prince, to the prejudice of his heirs; it was therefore renewed and amply confirmed to Duke John and his heirs, to Blanche, his wife, and all her tenants. In

1369, he was sent to France, to serve the king for half a year, with three hundred men-at-arms, five hundred archers, three bannerets, eighty knights, and six hundred esquires. On his return, he found his wife Blanche had died on the previous September.

In 1370, Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, died, leaving two daughters, Constance and Isabella, his co-heiresses. Their uncle had usurped the crown, when the princesses fled to Gascoigne for refuge, and John of Gaunt, being at that time near Bordeaux, sent for them, and married Constance, the elder. He gave to Edward, Earl of Cambridge, the younger, Isabella, and assumed the title of King of Castile and Leon. About 1376, he enjoyed the whole government of the old king, his father, and the young king, Richard the Second, whom he brought to the Parliament House, and directed to demand a subsidy of two-tenths in one year. In 1377, he had a license to provide for his mistress, Catherine Swinford, or Roet, and a grant of a *Chancery* in his Dukedom of Lancaster, with all royalties appertaining to a county palatine, under an obligation of sending two knights to Parliament as representatives of the commonality of Lancashire, and two burgesses for every borough within the said county. He was a great patron of the reformer, Wickliffe, which rendered him unpopular with many persons.

At the coronation of Richard the Second, he claimed, as Earl of Leicester, the office of Seneschal of England; as Duke of Lancaster, the right of bearing the principal sword, called the *curtana*, on the day of the coronation; and as Earl of Lincoln, the right of cutting and carving for the king. He was named one of the protectors to the young king, Richard the Second, who was his nephew, but in 1381 Thomas Beauchamp was appointed sole protector. At that time John of Gaunt obtained for his son Henry the hand of Mary Bohun, daughter of Humphrey Bohun, late Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Huntingdon. Her estate was valued at five thousand marks. He was sent in 1381 as one of the Commissioners to settle damages on the borders between the English and David, King of Scotland; and in returning, he was denied admittance into Berwick by Sir Matthew Redman, governor under the Earl of Northumberland. During his absence in Scotland happened that dangerous insurrection of the Commons of Kent, headed by the notorious Jack Straw, who entered London, and, bearing very great animosity towards John of Gaunt, burnt his house, called *The Savoy*, which contained many valuable charters, evidences, and other writings of note. This was considered at that time the finest structure in England. The Lady Constance fled to Pontefract for protection. The duke returned to England enraged at the Earl of Northumberland, and found that the king had been so intimidated during his absence that he had offered to deliver him up to the people. He therefore made peace with the Scots for two years, and afterwards went to Edinburgh, and was honourably received by the Earls of Douglas and Dunbar, who entertained him at their own charge. It is said that in 1385 the young king conspired for the death of the duke, of which the latter was apprised; but Joan, the king's mother, sensible of the ill consequences of such a breach, spared no pains until she had effected a reconciliation.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT SCHOOL BOARD FIGHT AND ITS RESULTS.

PARSON NUNN claimed the right of succession, despite The nine years possession of Dale,
And Phillips and Gill now maintain with delight
That at least they've cut off the Henn-tail!
Too chuckles to see these three left in a lurch,
And vows it is mighty befitting.
Sure a Garrett is quite good enough for a Church
Which disturbs a poor Henn when it's sitting.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. capsules—of all Chemists throughout the world.

SOCIAL MUSIC:

THE ART OF TORMENTING, AS APPLIED BY AND TO AMATEUR MUSICIANS.

TURNING over one day the leaves of a catalogue of books on sale second hand at one of our local repositories, I noticed that the title of one volume ran "The art of ingeniously tormenting, with rules for the practice of this amusing study." I did not purchase the work for I was then "a mere schoolboy" and dependent on gratuity for my pocket money, but I have never forgotten this odd and eccentric title and have often wondered what the contents of the book were like. I do not therefore know whether it contains a chapter at all resembling the present brochure, but if it does I must disclaim at once all indebtedness to it for any of the following remarks.

Amateur musicians! are they I wonder most sinned against or sinning? Considered as a class I should incline to say the latter. But occasionally the former is undoubtedly the case.

That they are as a class most grievous sinners there can (looking at the matter from my standpoint at all events) be little doubt. Music like coffee is only good when it is best. Its excellence exists only in the superlative degree. It knows nothing of mediocrity. The divine muse responds only to the accents of those who are loved of Apollo. She may so respond as to charm with the wonders of her mystery many who are not of the gifted inner circle, but they must not thereupon presume to lay sacrilegious hands upon her holy things still less to interrupt with their meaningless and feeble clamour the choric song of her exalted priesthood.

Reduce this principle to practice and what does it involve? First of all a general condemnation of nine-tenths of amateur musical efforts. Secondly, a still more sweeping condemnation of the musical customs of society which make the former offence not only possible but almost inevitable.

To make good either branch of the accusation is to my thinking work of supreme facility. But as we are dealing with matters of taste it is more than possible that others will not agree with me. I can then only state my ideas of what musical performances should be and then ask you to consider what they are.

They should be rational and beautiful. They should expound lessons worth the learning and should commend those lessons to our spirits by appealing to that imaginative and poetic instinct which exists in every man. The ideas excited should comprise conception of dignity and loveliness, and the entire performance should thus be of an elevating tendency. With this very moderate programme of requirements how much of modern music, and how many of amateur performances comply. There is little need to answer the question. It is only too notorious that nine-tenths of social music is either absolute rant and fustian or a string of unmeaning jingle fit only to tickle the ear of barbarity or imbecility.

"Anathema sint," the whole generation of "Waving Lily Bells," "Clouds at Sunset," "Pearls of the Drawing-Room," "Dreams of Theo," and down to the reddest depth of artistic perdition with all that owns itself comic and yet claim to be musical.

Tons of this pernicious and degrading trash are annually produced and sold. Who can estimate the sum total of its depraving effect on the minds that absorb it? and conversely what must be the state of public and social taste which makes it saleable?

They who serve such gods are like unto them. Ability to "render" and "interpret" a really superior and classic composition is rapidly becoming a lost art. Understanding of the composer's intentions is apparently not to be expected. Nay I will go further and seriously affirm that the very inferior (as some think) qualification of mere manual or vocal accuracy, the ability to play or sing a single page of a single piece correctly and as it is written is increasingly rare.

Listen to yonder brilliant fantasia by Signor Rumblestomakini. It, or something which affects to be it, issues from the groaning piano a hurly-burly of sound. Listen attentively and you will begin to discern something like method in the din. When you have got so far you will, if a musician, observe what might be made by indulgent handling even out of such rubbish. But he (or she) who is now frantically scrambling over the key-board "cares for none of these things," varies his or her time every alternate bar, introduces into every chord and passage a variety of novelties in the way of harmony unknown to the musical world and proceeds like an inebriated whirlwind to the end, "While panting Time toils after him in vain." The audience however take it all quite philosophically, and I dare predict that when the exhausted instrument crashes its

concluding bang a chorus of "Oh, thank you," will break from every side.

Here lies the root of the evil. It is the musical customs of society which make the offence not only possible but almost inevitable. It is an entire mistake, but one which unhappily prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land to teach music to children indiscriminately. No child who does not show a decided aptitude for it should learn music at all while those who do learn it should learn it thoroughly. A mere liking for music is one thing—ability to understand and interpret music is another and a very different thing, and moreover a very much rarer thing. Now society unhappily understands neither music nor musicians. It has no conception of the functions of the former or the feelings of the latter. It has a vague idea that music is agreeable and a particularly distinct idea that music is proper. So society insists on the universal diffusion of musical attainments, introduces music in season and out of season, and prompted no doubt by a laudable desire to confer the greatest happiness on the greatest number exacts from all who can play or sing well or ill all manner of inconvenient and too often reluctant contributions to the amusement of the hour.

How is it possible that anyone can, I won't say enjoy, but (borrowing a phrase from Carlyle) pretend to imagine that he or she enjoys such contributions as those referred to? If of an inferior order as to composition or execution there is nothing in them on which the faculty of enjoyment can fasten. If superior in kind and well played or sung a few may understand and appreciate, but even then the chances are that the whole business is inopportune and that the company has been required to listen when it is in better form for something else.

For people argue backward in this matter. They open the piano and expect the listeners to be impressed whereas the reverse is the true order of procedure, the mental state should precede the outward expression. The minds of all should be in that state in which they naturally ascend to the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful and then the musician should rise to discharge his high commission by giving to the aspiration of the soul a form of kindred, because celestial, beauty.

There are however many amateur musicians who love with understanding their witching art. To such the magic which they wield is not a means of social distinction for they know full well that as Matthew Arnold says:—

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides."

On this class, well-meaning society has no mercy. It inflicts upon them tortures all the more acute that the sensibilities affected are of an exquisite order. It calls upon them to furnish forth sport for the Philistines when from any cause, or no explicable cause, they simply cannot do so. A satisfying dinner (as in *Punch's* ludicrous cartoon of last week), bodily fatigue, mental distraction, nervous irritation or depression, or the mere absence of inspiration, is quite enough to indispose and, indeed, unfit them for the task of musical interpretation. Society, however, not only insists but probably insists on some particular piece alien in all probability to the present state of the performer's mind. Too often he complies. Possibly he rouses himself sufficiently to enter into the spirit of his performance. Possibly his mood is congenial to the occasion, and lost to his audience and indeed to all but the emotion of the hour he soars with eagle flight into the airy realms of fancy, where the music of the spheres rings clear and loud, and blends with the rush of his excited sympathies and swells into a great anthem which rolls in majesty through the cathedral of his brain. Flushed and with thrilling pulse he approaches his conclusion. He pauses, "he flutters to earth once more," he rises from his seat. Society thanks him with placid courtesy, and innocently asks him to do it again!!!

On this tremendous anti-climax let the curtain fall.

READING.—Keep your views of men and things extensive, and, depend on it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man—but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the government of the human mind it is on this.—Dr. Arnold.

COUPON DINNERS.

Four Courses, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

MANCHESTER YET!

WE take the following two sets of verses from two contemporaries—the first from the *Scotsman* and the second from the *Nonconformist*—and we earnestly commend them to the careful attention of any Tories who are still left in our midst:—

"Lord Salisbury said, we have not hesitated to spend our blood and money in defence of bad governments, if such a policy is required in advancing our own interests. (Cries of 'Shame.') Now, gentlemen, that is the policy of which we have all along suspected the Government, and which has now been openly confessed. I believe that the policy thus announced by Lord Salisbury is an immoral policy."—*Lord Hartington at Manchester.*

"At last they toss away the mask,
Throw down the glove to further cavil;
To all the questions we can ask
They'll speak the truth and shame the devil.

"At last from most unwilling hands,
The policy so long concealed
By party brag and bluster, stands
In all its shamelessness revealed."

"We shall not hesitate to spend
The nation's blood, the nation's treasures,
In any warfare that will lend
A hand to further our own measures."

"We ask not whether just or not
The cause for which our soldiers die,
They help us—assailed or shot—
To bolster up a policy."

"No wonder British voices cried
'A shame' upon the foul confession,
And sighed relief to think the tide
Was making for the final session."

"Look into it, oh, widowed wife!
Or mourning mother, all undone,
Bearing all alone thy burdened life,
Still thinking on thy butchered son.

"Look into it, Oh, gallant world!
Who still believe in Britain's honour,
And fain would see her flag unfurled
With no unworthy stain upon her.

"And you, too, trader; you whose keel
Ploughs every sea—a noble fleet—
Look into it, before you feel
Your living sink beneath your feet.

"And you, oh, workless, wageless crowd,
Beside your children's hungry faces,
Look into it; and ask aloud,
'Shall these men longer keep their places?'"

"I can only offer you my heartfelt thanks, in the name of every Liberal elector, for your appearance here to-day, for your conduct under these circumstances, for the great manifestation you have given of your great and growing interest in public affairs. . . . There has been nothing like this within my memory. I know not that I have ever before seen a multitude like this, assembled to take an interest in public questions, and to express their sympathy with the great Liberal party throughout the kingdom. . . . Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for permitting me to see you, and I bid you, with feelings that I cannot express, farewell—and hope that you will find your principles will speedily triumph."—*John Bright at Manchester.*

"Well might'st thou thank that mighty multitude
For its great presence, and the electric thrill
Of conscious unison—of hope renewed
That England's heart of hearts doth answer still
To the high call of Duty; that her will
Is on the side of Truth, and Right, and Good;
That she will rise her great part to fulfil;
With all her queenly majesty endued,
And hurl from power the men who have betrayed
Their trust, and made her once renowned name
A byword and a scandal; men afraid
Of Justice, Truth, and Freedom: so will shame
Fall on them, and our England, undismayed,
Will vindicate once more her ancient fame."

LINES TO A NUNN.

[A SCHOOL BOARD VOTIVE EAT.]

IN days of old, when nuns o'er hold
Their convent vows transgressed,
By cruel law that struck with awe
The scandal was suppressed.

For, sad to tell, within a cell
From light and life immured,
The fiercest pangs of hunger's fangs,
The erring maid endured.

In modern days no faggots blaze,
No wall pent victims moan,
Yet still we find that Justice blind
Can make her presence known.

With scornful air, all proffers fair
Rejecting, hard to please;
A Nunn we see, with open glee,
Resolved to raise a breeze.

Though for his fault, is hewn no vault
By grim familiars fell,
He builds his own, his hand alone
Prepared for him this sell.

BARTON BURIAL BOARD:

SUDDEN DEPARTURE OF THE REGISTRAR.

MR. FRITH, Registrar and General Superintendent of the Eccles Cemetery, was lately found to have quietly packed up his traps and departed. Mr. Frith, our readers will remember, was the hero of the famous "surface drainage" scheme, which he undertook to do for one shilling and fourpence per yard, and then, sub-letting the work, made a net little profit of eighty-four pounds, some odd shillings and pence, he actually employing the labourers in the service of the Board to do the work. The said Board thereupon relieved Mr. Frith of the trouble of paying wages by taking upon itself that important duty. Mr. Mather, however, refusing to allow this kind of peculation to pass quietly, the hurried flight of the now unhappy Registrar has been the consequence. The members of the Board have gone in mourning (?) at his departure, as they have now lost a most business-like man, and no one have they now upon whom to throw the onus of their blunders.

PORTRAITS—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

[FROM THE "SUNDAY MAGAZINE."]

HIS physical appearance at any rate has been preserved to us by authentic portraits as well as loving descriptions. He seems to have united, in an unusual degree, brightness of eye with serenity of face, a combination that suggests keenness of interest without restlessness, and repose without apathy. He was simple in his modes of life, and for the most part solitary. He had an immense power of abstracting himself from his immediate surroundings, and of concentrating all his powers on one line of thought. But sometimes his power mastered him instead of being held at his service, and then the effects were occasionally strange. It is said that if a thought struck him in the course of dressing in a morning, he would pursue it for hours seated on the side of the bed, hose or shirt in hand, and only when the problem was solved would it occur to him to finish the process of attiring himself. It is related that his friend Dr. Stukeley, being invited by him to dinner, was introduced to the dining-room while Newton was still in his study. The doctor waited patiently, making all allowance for the importance of the calculations on which the philosopher was probably engaged. But at length the dinner having been placed on the table, and appetite getting the better of patience, he made bold to carve a fowl, and replaced the cover on the remains. Some time after his guest had finished Newton came in, and remarking that he was very hungry, sat down to the table and took off the cover. Nothing but fragments being discovered, "Why!" he exclaimed, "I thought I had not dined yet, but I see I was mistaken." The story of the destruction of his papers by his little dog Diamond is well known. He had left a candle burning on his table when he went out to evening service in the college chapel. The little dog overthrew the candle, and a number of precious notes, the results of long years of labour, were consumed. "O Diamond, Diamond!" he cried, when he came in and saw the ruin, "little you know the mischief you have done." The incident is generally related as illustrative of his calm self-control. But if he said little he felt much; and it has been surmised that the loss seriously depressed his spirits, and for a time deranged his bodily health.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D. From all Manchester Grocers & Chemists. Wholesale: Goodall, Backhouse, & Co., Leeds; Glover, Son, & Co., Bradford; and the Makers, Brook & Co., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	Nov. 21.	—To All You Ladies.
Saturday,	" 22.	—God Save the Queen.
Sunday,	" 23.	—Easter Hymn.
Monday,	" 24.	—March of the Men of Harlech.
Tuesday,	" 25.	—Harmonious Blacksmith.
Wednesday,	" 26.	—The Harp of Tara's Hall.
Thursday,	" 27.	—The Minstrel Boy.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.	— <i>Richelieu</i> .	Mr. D. H. Harkins.
"	Saturday.	— <i>Richard the Third</i> .
"	Monday.	—Miss Jennie Lee, as <i>Jo</i> .
Prince's Theatre.	— <i>Brighton</i> .	Mr. C. Wyndham.
"	Monday.	—Mr. and Mrs. Knight, in <i>Otto, a German</i> .
Queen's Theatre.	— <i>East Lynne</i> .	
Free Trade Hall.	—Saturday.	—De Jong's Concerts.
"	Thursday.	—Mr. Charles Halle's Concerts.
"		Assembly Room.—Herr Dobler.
The Folly Theatre of Varieties.	—Extra Attractions.	
The Gaiety.	—Variety Entertainment.	Geo. Leybourne.
Circus, Chepstow Street.	—Cooke Brothers.	
Royal Institution.	—Exhibition of Paintings.	
"	Sunday Afternoon.	—Free Exhibition.
Exchange Street Galleries.	—Exhibition of Water-Colours.	
Belle Vue.	—Zoological Gardens.	

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE most popular sport at the present season of the year is unquestionably football. The weekly sporting and athletic papers are full of it. We like watching the game, and we understand the fun of it very well—from a distance. We once were induced to take the place of an absent friend for an hour on a "well-fought field." We did not manage to kick a goal, but we made several good points, as follows:—

"One black eye.
One cut on the forehead.
One arm violently wrenched from its socket.
Two shins beautifully 'barked.'
One ankle sprained.
Three ribs damaged.
Nose considerably enlarged.
Three teeth knocked out.
One pair of trousers entirely spoiled.
One shirt torn to ribands."

We think on the whole we made a good score. We don't know whether we were a back, a half back, or a three-quarter back, but when we finished we had a very bad back. Moral for football—'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKESPEARE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKESPEARE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

QUERY: What have Messrs. Nunn and Henn proved themselves to be at the recent School Board Election? Answer: Why, *nun(h)centities* (nonentities) to be sure!

At Conservative club war-sporting tea parties, there is one kind of tea which is totally ignored, and has been utterly lost sight of for the last two or three years—*Christiani-tea*!

MR. W. G. STANHOPE, M.P., speaking at Rotherham, on Friday last, took great credit for the Conservative Government having, in 1874, on their advent to office, reduced the Income Tax to twopence. Amidst the cheering of the benighted beings who listened with rapture to the statement, there was not one who had brains enough to ruminate upon the probability of the same tax being reduced next year from that twopenny foundation to *sevenpence*. Who will take credit for that reduction?

HARPURHEY has at present a more serious question before it than even amalgamation with the municipal city, a question of such vital importance that private meetings, property owners' consultations, and even public ratepayers' meetings will be scarcely sufficient to dispose of the knotty point. The question is—what shall they do with the toll-gate? Whose property have these long standing memorials, known as the toll-gate and stumps, become under the new *regime*? Do they belong to the ratepayers, to the last toll-collector, to the ex-surveyors, or to the *Prince*, who, as one of the overseers, may feel inclined to decorate the front of the palace with them?

It is certainly a matter of regret that the amalgamation scheme came to nothing, as they might, in that case, have been appropriated by the Parks Committee, and placed as an ornament in Queen's Park. In the museum there might also have been hung "Owd Nut's" walking stick, as a further memorial. Another very appropriate relic also might have been placed in the park, viz., the water-barrel, which a sharp speculator purchased cheap, with a possible view to re-selling to the Corporation at some future time at a handsome profit.

BUT it was a cruel experiment, to the purchaser of that barrel, which was resorted to in order to test its stability. Who put that pocket-knife through it? They might have waited until the Corporation had purchased it, they are known to be fond of old, worn-out property.

FOR Christmas—*Turkey* is at present being awkwardly cooked up. It has been already pretty well *basted*, and almost *dished*—but some one ought really to take care of the *Greece*.

WE are not surprised at the publication of a certain doggerel parody in the *Courier* of Monday last, as we think that paper will print anything which comes cheap. But it is certainly an insult to the commonsense of their readers, imbecile as they may be, to put that detestable scrawl in that portion of the paper which is presumably set apart for *literary matter*.

DR. GARRETT AND THE SCHOOL BOARD.

THE return of Dr. Garrett illustrates a feature of the cumulative voting system of the most pernicious kind. At the first blush the thought that if every elector is empowered to give one vote to each of fifteen men, we are compelled to concede the right to each elector to give the whole fifteen votes to one man, if he chooses, is by no means a logical conclusion. The reason for dissatisfaction with the system is both broad and substantial. The underlying idea of a vote is that public opinion is represented by the aggregate of the votes recorded in favour of the successful men. Now it is known that Dr. Garrett has got his seat by the votes of "plumpers" almost entirely. He is, therefore, eighty per cent below the level of the unsectarian men who polled the triple vote, and sixty per cent below the churchmen who polled the quintuple vote; yet both these lots of men are below the standard of the men who have polled the single votes of the electors. The error of the practice may be found from an analysis of the voting parties. It is clear that about one thousand men have returned Dr. Garrett, and this one thousand men have acquired the right, through this cumulative vote, which properly belongs to a fifteenth part of the constituency, or, in other words, this "plumping" vote has acquired a strength seven and a half times its normal strength. Consequently this vote is not a representation of a fifteenth part of the constituency, and can only properly be styled misrepresentation.

BAD TRADE AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

WE have before us a valuable pamphlet bearing the above title. It is in the form of a letter to a Manchester merchant, and its author is Mr. A. F. Winks, one of the many rising young Liberals of whom the city may well be proud. Mr. Winks treats his subject in an exhaustive style, placing such an array of arguments and facts before his readers as could only be expected at the hands of one who knows thoroughly well what he is about. Over production, trades unions, and free trade are examined in detail. As to over production the writer says: "In this country alone we have four millions of people insufficiently clothed and fed, besides a million and a half of paupers, criminals, and beggars, who prey upon the industry of the nation, and drag us back in all our efforts to do well for ourselves. Suppose all these were turned into honest, peaceable, well-producing citizens, they would alone consume fifty times over all our alleged over production. Any time during the last twenty years you could hear that there was over production. Any over production that takes place is easily and quickly remedied by the natural instinct with which capital takes care of itself." Much in the same strain Mr. Winks exclaims: "Some say cotton is king. If so, how does it appear? We import 35 millions sterling of it, but of corn and flour alone we import 63 millions—nearly twice as much. What do we mean by trade and commerce? Nearly one-third of our imports, or 125 millions sterling, we pay for food that we could produce at home, that we do already produce, but in insufficient quantity. And yet we complain of bad trade. This amount (125 millions), which we could produce at home, is the amount by which our imports exceed our exports; and it is the amount, too, of our local and imperial taxation. Should we not be in a better position to pay that if this money were kept at home in paying our underpaid, half-fed, half-clothed, agricultural and other labourers?" Like other far-seeing reformers, the author of the pamphlet urges us to look more to the land if we want trade to revive. "Freedom for the land," he says, "is what we want—what we must have. Our strong and living fingers must remove the grip of the dead man's hand, and so do justice to the owner and his children, giving him power to sell and to improve, as well as taking away from him the power to injure present and future generations, by indulging an insensate family pride. Our strong sense of justice must lay down a system of law that shall enable the farmer to sow with human certainty of reaping, without the fear of toiling to gratify another's greed. Our experience and business qualities must remove all the middle-age and antiquated forms of buying and selling land, and make it as easy as buying railway stock, or other securities." Altogether, Mr. Winks shows that he is made of the right stuff, and we can only hope that every one of our readers will make a point of circulating, as far as they can, his exceedingly eloquent, argumentative, and convincing pamphlet.

THE MANCHESTER DISEASED MEAT TRAFFIC.

MR. WILLIAM SIBBIT, butcher, Lower Broughton Road, Salford, had an interview with the magistrates at Sale on Monday, which may not be so gratifying to himself as it is beneficial to the public. It would seem that some time ago an active and intelligent member of the county constabulary was pursuing the even tenor of his way late one evening when his olfactory, tickled by something which was not *eau de cologne*, brought him to a stand. The proprietor of a cart had just entered the Bull's Head, and it was to this cart that for a moment he directed his attention. Ordinarily, a constable, and especially a county constable, is not possessed of superabundant intelligence. He may occasionally score a triumph in a tussle with some discontented inebriate, or he may even perform the Herculean task of running a small boy in for devastating a ten acre turnip field; but in the case under notice the constable rose to the emergencies of the position. He raised the covering of the cart and put it down again. He had smelled enough. He called the proprietor, who was slaking a pardonable thirst prior to closing time, and the interview resulted in the local inspector of police being sent for. He in his turn called up the Medical Officer of Health, who, although he must have been between the blankets for some hours, readily responded to the call of duty; and that there might be no mistake, the services of an intelligent nuisance inspector were also brought into requisition. They all agreed that the meat was not what it ought to be, and next day, after having been seen by two magistrates, and Mr. Sibbit and two Manchester Vets having had their say in his interest, the whole lot was buried. The Sale Local Board now went into the matter, and Sibbit was summoned under the Public Health Act for having in his

possession meat which was unfit for human food. The evidence certainly modified the opinions which had been first formed. There was just the bare possibility that the meat had suffered by the several hours' exposure in an open yard during a close night. Giving credit, however, to Mr. Sibbit for all his good intentions, the Bench did not think the case would be met by a smaller fine than £10, which, with costs, amounted to over £17. Probably it will act as a warning to gentlemen who dip deeply into all the dangers of slink butchering. The fact that these cases occasionally crop up shows that the game is undoubtedly worth the candle. We have officers and inspectors of all sorts and conditions, but even this Argus-eyed officialism is powerless to extinguish the diabolical traffic. People may not know it, but there is a vast quantity of carrion eaten in Manchester, not directly in the shape of juicy steaks, but in the cunningly disguised forms which modern cookery has invented for palating the palate and destroying digestion. The thought is not a pleasant one, but there is consolation in knowing that no respectable butcher will, if he can help it, mix himself up in a dirty business. It is the poor in the crowded alleys of our city who are called upon to bear its ill effects, and it is in their behalf that the magistrates should exercise the utmost stringency. A money payment has little or no effect. A direct appeal to these men's feelings in the shape of a month at the treadmill or a longer period of oakum picking is the only cure. Once let it be known that this is the course which will be consistently adopted, and the slink butcher would ere long become a thing of the past, "to be abhorred of all men."

LIBERAL AND CONSERVATIVE FINANCE.

A PENNY pamphlet, just published by the Liberal Association, and written by Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., the present member for Barnstable, and candidate for the representation of Sheffield, on this all important subject, ought to be read by every person who seeks that information which such comparisons only can furnish. It is the result of an extraordinary quantity of labour and research into the Budgets of the last twenty-two years, from 1857 to 1879—being twelve years of Liberal and ten of Tory administration. Results arrived at are fairly given, and in a plain, business-like manner, which is worth ten times the haggling and cavilling from platform to platform, to which we have been so much accustomed of late. The ordinary expenditure of the twelve years of Liberal rule, is, in the aggregate, £821,638,616, which is an average of £68,469,885 nearly, whilst the Tory expenditure of the remaining ten years is £725,819,229, or nearly £72,581,923 per year. Here we have the fact plainly recorded that the Liberal rule, as shown by the experience of almost a quarter of a century, is cheaper by £4,112,038 per annum than that of their opponents. The items which Sir Stafford Northcote alludes to as "extraordinary" expenditure, and including money lent or supplied to public bodies, are carefully excluded from the above calculations, which speak only of "ordinary" expenditure. And this is not all, for the Liberals are charged with all the deficits left behind by Tory misrule, payment of debts not being included in their programme.

In the same admirable little work, it is also shown that the average annual Liberal surplus during the twelve financial years has been £1,912,500, whilst the Tory budgets show an annual average deficit of £234,900, being a difference of £2,147,400 per annum in favour of the Liberal financial estimates of the revenues of the country. In dealing with the National Debt there is also the same immense disparity, the twelve years of Liberalism having decreased that enormous burden by £50,494,499, or an average of £4,207,875, and the Tory reduction of the same being £10,945,380 in ten years, or an average of £1,094,538. With regard to the remission of taxes, we have the Liberal government taking off taxation to the amount of £39,104,841, or £3,258,736 per year for twelve years, whilst, on the contrary, the Tories have in their ten years of office, put on taxes to the amount of £6,209,210, or £620,921 per annum. This is Toryism absolutely apart from Imperialism, as it does not include one shilling of Votes of Credit, or Afghan or Zulu War expenses, which would undoubtedly so swell the bill as to almost put aside all the imperial glories of this "great empire," in counting their cost. Well might Lord Beaconsfield say that *Imperium et Libertas* was a fit motto for an English Minister. We wonder how many of his hearers understood his Latin, or how many who did happen to understand it cordially echoed the sentiment.

ALAS! in this world no one's experience is of any use to one but one's own.—Chas. Mathews.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analyzed by Otto Hehner, F.R.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Manover-st., Manchester.

"THE THREE VALIANT MEN" OF MANCHESTER.

AMONG the many mural announcements of last week in connection with the School Board election, that of Messrs. Nunn, Gill, and Phillips which solicited the electors to vote for the "three valiant men" was the most remarkable. Odd folk, or silly folk, seem to have a fancy for running in threes, hence "the three tailors of Tooley Street," "the three wise men of Gotham" (of nursery renown), who went to sea in a bowl; the famous three, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Rosinante; and now we have the *soi-disant* "three valiant men" of Manchester. But in what their valour consists it is rather difficult to find out. To the leader of this trio, the reverend rector of St. Thomas's, belongs the credit of being always ready, as Dr. Watts says, "to run his head against a stone wall whenever he can find one;" indeed, we will admit at once that he is a veritable philosopher of the Top-per school. As for the others who make up this "valiant" band, we believe that they simply played at "follow my leader." It is an unwarrantable piece of presumption on the part of these would-be members of the School Board to dub themselves "valiant" in the land of Chelmsford and the Zulu warriors!

The absurd cry of these "three wise men of Gotham" was to reverse the policy of Mr. Birley and his colleagues; but in this they have most signally failed—as they deserved. It is a pity that any Don Quixote, or any number of Don Quixotes, should have the power of putting the city to the cost of an election without being able to give good reasons for so doing; but so it is, and a stronger reason than the case of these three men could not be adduced for the law being altered so as to include a substantial payment being made by the candidates, or their friends, as an earnest of good faith, and as a prevention of frivolous contests. We owe the School Board a debt of gratitude for the good work done, and the electors, by their votes on Friday last, showed that they are quite satisfied to let it remain *in statu quo*—in spite of "the three valiant men" of Manchester.

ARCADES.

[BY REDMAIL.]

ANY thoughtful person, strolling through the Barton or Exchange Arcades, or into that desolate and gigantic failure, Victoria Buildings, cannot but feel regret that so splendid an opportunity for making one of those pleasantest of lounges, an arcade, has been, I was going to say wantonly, thrown away. Who, that has been to Paris, or, better still, to Brussels, has not felt pleasure in strolling along through the arcades in those cities, where, ranged on each hand, are the neatest and cosiest of little shops, in the windows of which, the thousand and one various knick-knacks, jewellery, &c., are tastefully set out. Coming nearer home, where is there a pleasanter little stroll than in the arcade running from Buchanan Street, to Argyle Street, in Glasgow? One can almost fancy he is in Brussels, for here are the similar little shops, and tasteful display, only on a smaller scale. It is the only one I have seen in Great Britain which, in my humble opinion, is anything like what an arcade should be, viz.: a cheerful, attractive resort in which to spend half an hour, and, for the benefit of the shopkeepers, an occasional coin of the realm. What a contrast to this when you enter either the Barton or Exchange Arcades. You see at once that the shops are too large, and no amount of skill on the part of the proprietors or assistants can produce anything like a tasteful effect in window-dressing, and, in fact, most of them have, to all appearance, given up the attempt. Entering Exchange Arcade, on the left hand, one half of the great window space of the first shop is filled up with a permanent array of tinned fruits, &c., the remaining space, I admit, is very tastefully set out; but the window of the tailor's shop opposite is blocked up with a row of sixteen shilling trouserings; and again, the Vegetarian Restaurant has its windows painted black half way up. In this case I think it a mistake on the part of the management; the windows should have been nicely laid out with numerous specimens of vegetarian culinary art, and the interior of the restaurant seen as it were in the background, so that the public could see the robust and healthy votaries of vegetarian diet feeding, and by this means endeavour to convince carnivorous seepies of their error. Pardon this digression, but the idea suggested itself as I stood looking at the exterior of the restaurant, wondering what a real vegetarian was like. I hope the proprietor or proprietors, I forget which, will not make the same mistake with the windows of the premises on the opposite side of the arcade. He or they are welcome to my suggestion gratis. You pass on, but there is nothing to arrest a person's attention before you are in Deansgate, and you feel the stroll has been short, but

dull extremely. Enter Barton Arcade, on the left is the immense window of Mr. Ward's, large enough for three shops, and although the best attempt at display is here, you see at once it is too big to have an effect. Mudie's window, filled with surplus 3 vol. novels and other works, is another example of stopping up a big gap. The show of earthenware by another proprietor is about the most cheerful thing in the whole arcade, though it does not meet with the close inspection the photographs do in the chemist's window adjoining. The remainder of the arcade is as uninteresting as the one you have previously visited, excepting, perhaps, to ladies, who, of course, will stop to criticise the millinery display of Miss Brooks, but here again, a great space has to be filled up, and one third of the window is entirely painted over, otherwise, no doubt, there would have been an extenuated array of bonnet stands, like a company of soldiers in skirmishing order. You feel the impression as you again reach Deansgate, that Manchester, at present, has not an arcade worthy of being so called, and that one of the most eligible chances for making one has certainly not been taken advantage of. I will not ask your company in a visit to Victoria Buildings—I allude to the interior, or, arcade, if you will—for there is nothing to see but huge empty shops, the evil of the other arcades is here aggravated, and until each of the shops is made into four, I fear there will always be the same beggarly array of empty benches.

ST. JOSEPH'S EPISTLE ON THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

[ANNOTATED.]

ST. JOSEPH is rampant and rides the high horse,
Not a hair's breadth he'll swerve from his self-righteous course,
He spurns "handsome offers" with virtuous disdain,
Is vanquished, not daunted, and scorns to complain.
Gives thanks for small mercies—has "broken the ring,"
Brought down his friend Henn, and plumed Slatter's wing;
Has strengthened the Catholics, 'minished the Church,
Seen the Triumvirs humbled by Garrett-cum-Birch.
Nevertheless, he rejoices, though envy and strife,
The spawn of religious contention, are rife;
Though nought has been gained, and much has been lost,
And peace, without honour, is saved at great cost:
That another such fight must ensue in three years;
Meanwhile, something may set the new Board by the ears,
Or the public, grown weary of virtue in Nunn,
Seek a shorn and blind Samson—and find themselves done.

MORAL.

"'Tis an ill-favoured bird that fouls its own nest,"
Some patriarch said—but St. Joseph knows best.
How far he succeeded statistics have told
The three birds that tried it were plucked, if not sold!

PACKING FOR SARATOGA.

[FROM THE "DETROIT FREE PRESS."] **TRUTH**

THE man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key. Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and, when the husband went upstairs at ten o'clock, she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes.

"You see how it is," she exclaimed, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache, I must stop down for a few minutes." She went away to llop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused.

"Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilise it."

Removing everything, he began re-packing. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown hunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of under-clothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed, when she returned and said that he was the only real good husband in the world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key.

"It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronising reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar-alarm.

When the wife opened that trunk last night—! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

FUGITIVE LITERATURE.

WE have received the first two Numbers of a series of papers, entitled "Campaigning Papers," issued by Mr. H. J. Infield, publisher, London. The whole series are intended to explain "The first principles of politics." No. 1 treats of the Functions of Radicalism; No. 2 of the British Foreign Policy from 1876 to 1879. The first-named pamphlet is a capital resumé of the ideas ruling the minds and actions of the great reformers who have flourished from the beginning of this century. The author briefly sketches the political condition of the masses during the Napoleonic era, when regression and paid informers were the chosen instruments of government, narrates the gradual success of the Whig and Liberal parties in cheapening bread and passing Reform Bills, and then eloquently declares that this rôle is still the rôle of the Radical party, who indeed succeeded to and enlarged the scope and action of the Reformers of half-a-century ago. As a short political lesson in the history of the last half century, the pamphlet is very commendable.

The subject matter of the second pamphlet—on the Foreign Policy from 1876 to 1879—is much better known than the first pamphlet, yet it is a convenient collection of the events of the period, and when accompanied by explanatory matter of the simplest kind, the wonder however any portion of the British nation should have been deluded into supporting a meddlesome and from the first a futile Foreign Policy, becomes the uppermost thought of the mind.

As we briefly announced last week, the "Roll Call" appears in a second edition, and as that pamphlet ends in 1874, the reader who becomes possessed of the three pamphlets just named will have a political armoury in his possession of no mean pretensions. The whole lot are terse, plain, and sufficient for most practical purposes.

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XIX.—JOHNSON'S MISTAKE.

JOHN JOHNSON was the quietest and the most innocent-looking young man in our office. Of precocious growth, young Johnson's hirsute appendages made themselves apparent at a remarkably early age; so much so, that at sweet one-and-twenty he could boast as fine whiskers and moustache as may be seen in a day's journey. For some time, Johnson had been courting a servant-lad who resided in the big house on the hill, known as "Park View House." So quiet was Johnson, that he did not tell us that he was courting; but one Wednesday evening, as he was talking soft nothings to his beloved Lucretia Ann, in the comfortable kitchen where lived the darling of his heart, the master, hearing a strange masculine voice, thought he would like to see who the intruder(?) was. Opening the door, he was just in time to see Johnson hastily putting a couple of slices of buttered bread in his hat, as being the most convenient place which occurred to him in his hurry. Guess Johnson's surprise and gratification when, instead of ordering him from the house, the master kindly bade him make himself at home, and actually placing an armchair before the fire, blandly requested him to take a seat. Johnson did so, never for a moment thinking that a little trap had been laid for him by the wily gentleman of the house. Soon poor John became rather uncomfortably warm; and he would have placed his chair a considerable distance from the roaring fire but for the master's reiterated asseverations of "O, don't disturb yourself, young man," *et cetera*! To add to our hero's discomfiture, the butter, which the good Lucretia had thickly covered the bread which lay concealed within his hat, began to melt, and was, ere long, seen trickling down the head and shoulders of the unfortunate young man. Again he tried to move, but the master goodnaturedly bade him stay where he was, until at last, in sheer desperation, Johnson rushed wildly from the house, and the place that once knew him, knew him no more, for he never again tried to "court the kitchen" as, if the truth must be told, he had done on the above once memorable occasion. Johnson for some time was not much inclined to seek the society of the fair daughters of Eve; but 'twas not to be, as the following will show:—One dark evening, in the month of November, John was proceeding along a certain well known thoroughfare situated in the town where Johnson then resided, when he saw what appeared to him to be a lovely young lady pass slowly by him on the other side of the road. The noble spirit of chivalry stimulated young Johnson to follow the lady at a respectable distance, in order, as he said to himself, to be at hand should any person or persons be so rude as to attempt to molest her. The lady,

either from hurry or some other cause not yet clear to Johnson, quickened her footsteps, causing him to be under the necessity of following her example. The walking match was now getting rather exciting to our hero, and he was beginning to think he had better retrace his steps in the direction of home, when the young lady, having cast occasional backward glances at Johnson, ran hastily into a house which fronted the road, leaving the bewildered Lothario to ponder upon who this fair vision of youth and beauty could be. He was thus wondering when the garden gate was suddenly opened, and there issued forth a stern-looking man, who, seeing Johnson, said—"Art thee th' chap what has been a followin' o' my wife?" The thunderstruck Johnson couldn't deny the "soft impeachment;" but the cruel husband, apparently not satisfied at Johnson's candid speech, dealt him a fierce blow upon his rather prominent nose, which caused the young man to reel from side to side in a manner suggestive of extreme dizziness. Johnson jumped up and did his best to defend himself, but right proved stronger than might this time, and the end of it was that Johnson appeared at his usual place in our office with a large amount of sticking-plaster fastened upon various parts of his head and face. There cannot be much surprise evinced, therefore, when I say that Johnson looked no more on the highways and byeways for a wife, but sought and found one in a manner which shall be duly set forth and explained in my next sketch.

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

AT home, what the motto translated means,
Alas! we need not to be told—
Tory *libertas* forges a people's chains,
And *imperium* wastes their gold!

In the East, its coadjutors all confess,
(And confess it with bated breath),
Libertas means—gagging the native press,
And *imperium*—blood and death!

From the South another translation comes,
Even there they can understand
That *libertas* burns all their hearths and homes,
And *imperium* steals their land!

But this *libertas* only awaits the hour,
When restored by the wise and just,
True *libertas* shall re-assert its power,
And *imperium* bite the dust.

A PLEASANT PLAYMATE.

TWO Indian children, a boy and a girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Atures, in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon, when a jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, gambolling round them, sometimes concealing itself among the long grass, and again springing forward with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the side of the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and blood flowed with violence; the little girl then took up the branch of a tree and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians, hearing the cries of the children, ran up and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself.

SWIMMING THE HELLESPONT.

WHEN Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, was a poor boy and a charity scholar in London, he was one day walking along the Strand, at an hour when the place was crowded, and was throwing out his arms vigorously towards the right and the left. One of his hands came in contact with a gentleman's waistcoat pocket, and the man immediately accused the boy of thievish intentions. "No," said Coleridge, "I was not intending to pick your pocket. I am swimming the Hellespont. This morning in school I read the story of Hero and Leander, and I am now imitating the latter as he swims from Asia to Europe." The gentleman was so much impressed by the vividness of the imagination of the lad that he subscribed for Coleridge's admission to a public library, which began the poet's education.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 3/6, 2/6, 1/6, & 11/- H. & CO.'s Negative Cold Cream. Ed. L. & 2/6.

ANA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—FLAPDOODLE has conferred a favor on me by giving me the correct passage of the origin of the word "Flapdoodle," from "Peter Simple," for which I thank him. I quoted from what I considered a good authority, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, without verifying it, at all times a dangerous thing to do. But, then, I had not a copy of "Peter Simple," and could not get one at the Free Libraries (doubtless owing "to the curtailment of the issue of this class of literature," as stated by Mr. J. T. Kay before the Library Association of 23 Sep., 1879), and I was too poor to buy one, for which laches I bow, and cry *Peccavi!* ANA.

SIR,—ANGLO-SAXON, by his letter of the 14 Nov., to you, has evidently proved how bitter Truth always is, and has descended from discussing the choice of a word—Ana, or Selections—to vituperative personalities, which stamp his individuality and love of Anglo-Saxon—to wit, "I can tell him that some old words are like some old noodles, best out of the way." Yet the youthful A.-S. may live to prove the truth of Pope's verses, that—

"We think our father's fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so."

If useful old words are to be ignored, what useless expense and labor the various Folk Lore Societies are incurring. *Staff-a-crampt* and *acslaver* are pure Lancashire words, still in use in various parts of the country.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

I have yet to learn that it is a blot, a sign of genius, or my fault that I am not Hydrocephalus nor Ophthalmoplegia.

"He is one of those men that knows everything except how to make a living."

"Dulness is ever apt to magnify" its own cleverness, when fortuitous circumstances has placed it where its dulness could never have otherwise aspired to. A.-S. has yet to learn that it is not what a person knows, or can do, but to whom he is known, that in most instances is the cause of advancement in life. Haydon has truly observed, that, "The art of winking is the art of rising in the world." A.-S. may learn more on this point by referring to the *Spectators*, Nos. 807, 819, 837, and 853. 1712.

And why should I not, as a hobby, indulge in "learned twaddle?" Is the bile because I do not get paid for it? like an "old noodle" as I am. A.-S. ought rather to pity "poor old Ana," unless he thinks it may spoil his trade.

Let one daub color, rave in rhyme, talk high art, and love æsthetic tea—and company, as a weakness. In fact,

"Let every man enjoy his whim,
What's he to me, or I to him,"

so long as he does not demand that it should be considered as genius, and paid for by the public as such.

As you are aware, Mr. Jackdaw, when I essayed to give extracts from books I had read, the choice of the motto, ANA, was not of my choosing. In truth, I was opposed to it, but the omnipotent P.D. would have it so, and against his decision there is no appeal. It was not with a view of teaching A.-S., or his tribe, anything, but for the pleasure of those less learned, and who had not his privileges of obtaining omniscieney. I do not object to his strictures, as to whether "Ana" or "Selections" be the best word. All I ask is, that, "As we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do anything—only keep your temper," and whether daubing, prosing, rhyming, or fiddling, remember we are all of us continually "Regretting past and making fresh mistakes," and let A.-S. remember and practice the good old English maxim, that, *Manners Maketh Man*. ANA.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

THE annexed effusion does not come under the head of new inventions and recent discoveries, in fact, we believe it has been published from time to time during the past twenty years. But, as the *Commercial Advertiser* (where it appeared last) says: "The name of the author should not have been allowed to sink into oblivion. On the contrary, he deserves immortality, and the gratitude of generations yet unborn, for we have never met with so complete a grammar of the English language in so small a space. Old, as well as young, should commit these lines to memory,

for by their aid it will be difficult, if not impossible, for them to fall into errors concerning parts of speech."

I.
Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.

II.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III.
Adjectives show the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

IV.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

V.
Verbs tell us something to be done,
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

VI.
How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

VII.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

VIII.
The prepositions stand before
A noun, as in, or through, the door.

IX.
The interjection shows surprise,
As oh! how pretty—ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

THE MONTHS.—Many Eastern nations, past and present, believed, and believe that each month of the year, is under the influence of a precious stone, Zodiacal sign or god or goddess, which exerts its power over the destinies of anyone born during the period of its sway.

January.	Garnet.	Constancy.	Aquarius.	Juno.
February.	Amethyst.	Sincerity.	Pisces.	Neptune.
March.	Bloodstone.	Courage & presence of mind.	Aries.	Minerva.
April.	Diamond.	Innocence.	Taurus.	Venus.
May.	Emerald.	Success in love.	Gemini.	Apollo.
June.	Agate.	Health and long life.	Cancer.	Mercury.
July.	Cornelian.	Contented mind.	Leo.	Jupiter.
August.	Sardonyx.	Conjugal felicity.	Virgo.	Ceres.
September.	Chrysolite.	Antidote against madness.	Libra.	Vulcan.
October.	Opal.	Hope.	Scorpio.	Mars.
November.	Topas.	Fidelity.	Sagittarius.	Diana.
December.	Turquoise.	Prosperity.	Capricornus.	Vesta.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times per diem. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

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21 NOVEMBER, 1879.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

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DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS! DEAFNESS!

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—St. Matthew, c. xi., v. 15.

DENTON'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES FOR DEAFNESS

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Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with neatness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,
JOHN HOPWOOD.

"Mr. Jas. Denton."

"The Station, Pennistone, near Sheffield, Jan. 30th, 1879.

"Mr. Denton,—Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write to say my hearing has greatly improved by using your remedies for Deafness. I remain,
S. A. VERNON."

One old gentleman in particular, who was 84 years of age, and had been deaf 43 years, was perfectly cured in seven weeks, and he was so overcome with joy and gratitude that he begged of Mr. Denton to be allowed to put the cure in the local papers.

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"To Mr. Denton."

"Yours gratefully,

"ARTHUR WARREN.

"Mr. Denton.

"Shaw, near Oldham, January 26th, 1878.

"Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of TWENTY DAYS my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully,
JOHN MOSS."

"Seedley Grove, Pendleton, July 9th, 1878.

"My dear Sir,—Having been troubled with Deafness for some years, I mentioned the fact to a friend, and upon his recommendation, I was induced to try your skill, and to my

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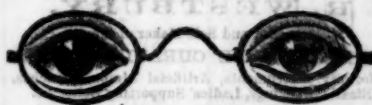
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"BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL" OF THIS WEEK

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King Street, Manchester.

"THE THREE VALIANT MEN" OF MANCHESTER.

AMONG the many mural announcements of last week in connection with the School Board election, that of Messrs. Nunn, Gill, and Phillips which solicited the electors to vote for the "three valiant men" was the most remarkable. Odd folk, or silly folk, seem to have a fancy for running in threes, hence "the three tailors of Tooley Street," "the three wise men of Gotham" (of nursery renown), who went to sea in a bowl; the famous three, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Rosinante; and now we have the *soi-disant* "three valiant men" of Manchester. But in what their valour consists it is rather difficult to find out. To the leader of this trio, the reverend rector of St. Thomas's, belongs the credit of being always ready, as Dr. Watts says, "to run his head against a stone wall whenever he can find one;" indeed, we will admit at once that he is a veritable philosopher of the Tupper school. As for the others who make up this "valiant" band, we believe that they simply played at "follow my leader." It is an unwarrantable piece of presumption on the part of these would-be members of the School Board to dub themselves "valiant" in the land of Chelmsford and the Zulu warriors!

The absurd cry of these "three wise men of Gotham" was to reverse the policy of Mr. Birley and his colleagues; but in this they have most signally failed—as they deserved. It is a pity that any Don Quixote, or any number of Don Quixotes, should have the power of putting the city to the cost of an election without being able to give good reasons for so doing; but so it is, and a stronger reason than the case of these three men could not be adduced for the law being altered so as to include a substantial payment being made by the candidates, or their friends, as an earnest of good faith, and as a prevention of frivolous contests. We owe the School Board a debt of gratitude for the good work done, and the electors, by their votes on Friday last, showed that they are quite satisfied to let it remain *in statu quo*—in spite of "the three valiant men" of Manchester.

ARCADES.

[BY REDNAIL.]

ANY thoughtful person, strolling through the Barton or Exchange Arcades, or into that desolate and gigantic failure, Victoria Buildings, cannot but feel regret that so splendid an opportunity for making one of those pleasantest of lounges, an arcade, has been, I was going to say wantonly, thrown away. Who, that has been to Paris, or, better still, to Brussels, has not felt pleasure in strolling along through the arcades in those cities, where, ranged on each hand, are the neatest and cosiest of little shops, in the windows of which, the thousand and one various knick-knacks, jewellery, &c., are tastefully set out. Coming nearer home, where is there a pleasant little stroll than in the arcade running from Buchanan Street, to Argyle Street, in Glasgow? One can almost fancy he is in Brussels, for here are the similar little shops, and tasteful display, only on a smaller scale. It is the only one I have seen in Great Britain which, in my humble opinion, is anything like what an arcade should be, viz.: a cheerful, attractive resort in which to spend half an hour, and, for the benefit of the shopkeepers, an occasional coin of the realm. What a contrast to this when you enter either the Barton or Exchange Arcades. You see at once that the shops are too large, and no amount of skill on the part of the proprietors or assistants can produce anything like a tasteful effect in window-dressing, and, in fact, most of them have, to all appearance, given up the attempt. Entering Exchange Arcade, on the left hand, one half of the great window space of the first shop is filled up with a permanent array of tinned fruits, &c., the remaining space, I admit, is very tastefully set out; but the window of the tailor's shop opposite is blocked up with a row of sixteen shilling trousers; and again, the Vegetarian Restaurant has its windows painted black half way up. In this case I think it a mistake on the part of the management; the windows should have been nicely laid out with numerous specimens of vegetarian culinary art, and the interior of the restaurant seen as it were in the background, so that the public could see the robust and healthy votaries of vegetarian diet feeding, and by this means endeavour to convince carnivorous sepiacs of their error. Pardon this digression, but the idea suggested itself as I stood looking at the exterior of the restaurant, wondering what a real vegetarian was like. I hope the proprietor or proprietors, I forget which, will not make the same mistake with the windows of the premises on the opposite side of the arcade. He or they are welcome to my suggestion gratis. You pass on, but there is nothing to arrest a person's attention before you are in Deansgate, and you feel the stroll has been short, but

dull extremely. Enter Barton Arcade, on the left is the immense window of Mr. Ward's, large enough for three shops, and although the best attempt at display is here, you see at once it is too big to have an effect. Mudie's window, filled with surplus 8 vol. novels and other works, is another example of stopping up a big gap. The show of earthenware by another proprietor is about the most cheerful thing in the whole arcade, though it does not meet with the close inspection the photographs do in the chemist's window adjoining. The remainder of the arcade is as uninteresting as the one you have previously visited, excepting, perhaps, to ladies, who, of course, will stop to criticise the millinery display of Miss Brooks, but here again, a great space has to be filled up, and one third of the window is entirely painted over, otherwise, no doubt, there would have been an extenuated array of bonnet stands, like a company of soldiers in skirmishing order. You feel the impression as you again reach Deansgate, that Manchester, at present, has not an arcade worthy of being so called, and that one of the most eligible chances for making one has certainly not been taken advantage of. I will not ask your company in a visit to Victoria Buildings—I allude to the interior, or, arcade, if you will—for there is nothing to see but huge empty shops, the evil of the other arcades is here aggravated, and until each of the shops is made into four, I fear there will always be the same beggarly array of empty benches.

ST. JOSEPH'S EPISTLE ON THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

[ANNOTATED.]

ST. JOSEPH is rampant and rides the high horse,
Not a hair's breadth he'll swerve from his self-righteous course,
He spurns "handsome offers" with virtuous disdain,
Is vanquished, not daunted, and seems to complain,
Gives thanks for small mercies—has "broken the ring,"
Brought down his friend Henn, and plumed Slatter's wing;
Has strengthened the Catholics, 'minished the Church,
Seen the Triumvir humbled by Garrett-cum-Birch.
Nevertheless, he rejoices, though envy and strife,
The spawn of religious contention, are rife;
Though nought has been gained, and much has been lost;
And peace, without honour, is saved at great cost.
That another such fight must ensue in three years;
Meanwhile, something may set the new Board by the ears,
Or the public, grown weary of virtue in Nunn,
Seek a shorn and blind Samson—and find themselves done.

MORAL.

"Tis an ill-favoured bird that fouls its own nest,"
Some patriarch said—but St. Joseph knows best.
How far he succeeded statistics have told
The three birds that tried it were plucked, if not sold!

PACKING FOR SARATOGA.

[FROM THE "DETROIT FREE PRESS."]

THE man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key. Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and, when the husband went upstairs at ten o'clock, she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes.

"You see how it is," she exclaimed, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache, I must lop down for a few minutes." She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused.

"Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilise it."

Removing everything, he began re-packing. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of under-clothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed, when she returned and said that he was the only real good husband in the world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key.

"It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronising reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar-alarm.

When the wife opened that trunk last night—! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

ARONSBURG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES

ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

FUGITIVE LITERATURE.

WE have received the first two Numbers of a series of papers, entitled "Campaigning Papers," issued by Mr. H. J. Infield, publisher, London. The whole series are intended to explain "The first principles of politics." No. 1 treats of the Functions of Radicalism; No. 2 of the British Foreign Policy from 1876 to 1879. The first-named pamphlet is a capital resumé of the ideas ruling the minds and actions of the great reformers who have flourished from the beginning of this century. The author briefly sketches the political condition of the masses during the Napoleonic era, when repression and paid informers were the chosen instruments of government, narrates the gradual success of the Whig and Liberal parties in cheapening bread and passing Reform Bills, and then eloquently declares that this rôle is still the rôle of the Radical party, who indeed succeeded to and enlarged the scope and action of the Reformers of half-a-century ago. As a short political lesson in the history of the last half century, the pamphlet is very commendable.

The subject matter of the second pamphlet—on the Foreign Policy from 1876 to 1879—is much better known than the first pamphlet, yet it is a convenient collection of the events of the period, and when accompanied by explanatory matter of the simplest kind, the wonder however any portion of the British nation should have been deluded into supporting a meddlesome and from the first a futile Foreign Policy, becomes the uppermost thought of the mind.

As we briefly announced last week, the "Roll Call" appears in a second edition, and as that pamphlet ends in 1874, the reader who becomes possessed of the three pamphlets just named will have a political armoury in his possession of no mean pretensions. The whole lot are terse, plain, and sufficient for most practical purposes.

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XIX.—JOHNSON'S MISTAKE.

JOHN JOHNSON was the quietest and the most innocent-looking young man in our office. Of precocious growth, young Johnson's hirsute appendages made themselves apparent at a remarkably early age; so much so, that at sweet one-and-twenty he could boast as fine whiskers and moustache as may be seen in a day's journey. For some time, Johnson had been courting a servant-lass who resided in the big house on the hill, known as "Park View House." So quiet was Johnson, that he did not tell us that he was courting; but one Wednesday evening, as he was talking soft nothings to his beloved Lucretia Ann, in the comfortable kitchen where lived the darling of his heart, the master, hearing a strange masculine voice, thought he would like to see who the intruder(?) was. Opening the door, he was just in time to see Johnson hastily putting a couple of slices of buttered bread in his hat, as being the most convenient place which occurred to him in his hurry. Guess Johnson's surprise and gratification when, instead of ordering him from the house, the master kindly bade him make himself at home, and actually placing an armchair before the fire, blandly requested him to take a seat. Johnson did so, never for a moment thinking that a little trap had been laid for him by the wily gentleman of the house. Soon poor John became rather uncomfortably warm; and he would have placed his chair a considerable distance from the roaring fire but for the master's reiterated asseverations of "O, don't disturb yourself, young man; et cetera! To add to our hero's discomfiture, the butter, which the good Lucretia had thickly covered the bread which lay concealed within his hat, began to melt, and was, ere long, seen trickling down the head and shoulders of the unfortunate young man. Again he tried to move, but the master goodnaturedly bade him stay where he was, until at last, in sheer desperation, Johnson rushed wildly from the house, and the place that once knew him, knew him no more, for he never again tried to "court the kitchen" as, if the truth must be told, he had done on the above once memorable occasion. Johnson for some time was not much inclined to seek the society of the fair daughters of Eve; but 'twas not to be, as the following will show:—One dark evening, in the month of November, John was proceeding along a certain well known thoroughfare situated in the town where Johnson then resided, when he saw what appeared to him to be a lovely young lady pass slowly by him on the other side of the road. The noble spirit of chivalry stimulated young Johnson to follow the lady at a respectable distance, in order, as he said to himself, to be at hand should any person or persons be so rude as to attempt to molest her. The lady,

either from hurry or some other cause not yet clear to Johnson, quickened her footsteps, causing him to be under the necessity of following her example. The walking match was now getting rather exciting to our hero, and he was beginning to think he had better retrace his steps in the direction of home, when the young lady, having cast occasional backward glances at Johnson, ran hastily into a house which fronted the road, leaving the bewildered Lothario to ponder upon who this fair vision of youth and beauty could be. He was thus wondering when the garden gate was suddenly opened, and there issued forth a stern-looking man, who, seeing Johnson, said—"Art thee th' chap what has been a followin' o' my wife?" The thunderstruck Johnson couldn't deny the "soft impeachment;" but the cruel husband, apparently not satisfied at Johnson's candid speech, dealt him a fierce blow upon his rather prominent nose, which caused the young man to reel from side to side in a manner suggestive of extreme dizziness. Johnson jumped up and did his best to defend himself, but right proved stronger than might this time, and the end of it was that Johnson appeared at his usual place in our office with a large amount of sticking-plaster fastened upon various parts of his head and face. There cannot be much surprise evinced, therefore, when I say that Johnson looked no more on the highways and byways for a wife, but sought and found one in a manner which shall be duly set forth and explained in my next sketch.

"IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

AT home, what the motto translated means,
Alas! we need not to be told—
Tory *libertas* forges a people's chains,
And *imperium* wastes their gold!

In the East, its coadjutors all confess,
(And confess it with bated breath),
Libertas means—gagging the native press,
And *imperium*—blood and death!

From the South another translation comes,
Even there they can understand
That *libertas* burns all their hearths and homes,
And *imperium* steals their land!

But this *libertas* only awaits the hour,
When restored by the wise and just,
True *libertas* shall re-assert its power,
And *imperium* bite the dust.

A PLEASANT PLAYMATE.

TWO Indian children, a boy and a girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Atures, in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon, when a jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, gambolling round them, sometimes concealing itself among the long grass, and again springing forward with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the side of the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and blood flowed with violence; the little girl then took up the branch of a tree and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians, hearing the cries of the children, ran up and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself.

SWIMMING THE HELLESPOINT.

WHEN Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, was a poor boy and a charity scholar in London, he was one day walking along the Strand, at an hour when the place was crowded, and was throwing out his arms vigorously towards the right and the left. One of his hands came in contact with a gentleman's waistcoat pocket, and the man immediately accused the boy of thievish intentions. "No," said Coleridge, "I was not intending to pick your pocket. I am swimming the Hellespont. This morning in school I read the story of Hero and Leander, and I am now imitating the latter as he swims from Asia to Europe." The gentleman was so much impressed by the vividness of the imagination of the lad that he subscribed for Coleridge's admission to a public library, which began the poet's education.

ANA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—FLAPDOODLE has conferred a favor on me by giving me the correct passage of the origin of the word "Flapdoodle," from "Peter Simple," for which I thank him. I quoted from what I considered a good authority, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, without verifying it, at all times a dangerous thing to do. But, then, I had not a copy of "Peter Simple," and could not get one at the Free Libraries (doubtless owing "to the curtailment of the issue of this class of literature," as stated by Mr. J. T. Kay before the Library Association of 23 Sep., 1879), and I was too poor to buy one, for which *laches* I bow, and cry *Peccavi*!

ANA.

SIR,—ANGLO-SAXON, by his letter of the 14 Nov., to you, has evidently proved how bitter Truth always is, and has descended from discussing the choice of a word—Ana, or Selections—to vituperative personalities, which stamp his individuality and love of Anglo-Saxon—to wit, "I can tell him that some old words are like some old noodles, best out of the way." Yet the youthful A.-S. may live to prove the truth of Pope's verses, that—

"We think our father's fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so."

If useful old words are to be ignored, what useless expense and labor the various Folk Lore Societies are incurring. *Staff-a-crampt* and *acslaver* are pure Lancashire words, still in use in various parts of the country.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

I have yet to learn that it is a blot, a sign of genius, or my fault that I am not Hydrocephalus nor Ophthalmoplegia.

"He is one of those men that knows everything except how to make a living."

"Dulness is ever apt to magnify" its own cleverness, when fortuitous circumstances has placed it where its dulness could never have otherwise aspired to. A.-S. has yet to learn that it is not what a person knows, or can do, but to whom he is known, that in most instances is the cause of advancement in life. Haydon has truly observed, that, "The art of winking is the art of rising in the world." A.-S. may learn more on this point by referring to the *Spectators*, Nos. 307, 313, 337, and 353. 1712.

And why should I not, as a hobby, indulge in "learned twaddle?" Is the bile because I do not get paid for it? like an "old noodle" as I am. A.-S. ought rather to pity "poor old Ana," unless he thinks it may spoil his trade.

Let one daub color, rave in rhyme, talk high art, and love æsthetic tea—and company, as a weakness. In fact,

"Let every man enjoy his whim,
What's he to me, or I to him,"

so long as he does not demand that it should be considered as genius, and paid for by the public as such.

As you are aware, Mr. Jackdaw, when I essayed to give extracts from books I had read, the choice of the motto, ANA, was not of my choosing. In truth, I was opposed to it, but the omnipotent P.D. would have it so, and against his decision there is no appeal. It was not with a view of teaching A.-S., or his tribe, anything, but for the pleasure of those less learned, and who had not his privileges of obtaining omniscieny. I do not object to his strictures, as to whether "Ana" or "Selections" be the best word. All I ask is, that, "As we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do anything—only keep your temper," and whether daubing, prosing, rhyming, or fiddling, remember we are all of us continually "Regretting past and making fresh mistakes," and let A.-S. remember and practice the good old English maxim, that, *Manners Maketh Man*.

ANA.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

THE annexed effusion does not come under the head of new inventions and recent discoveries, in fact, we believe it has been published from time to time during the past twenty years. But, as the *Commercial Advertiser* (where it appeared last) says: "The name of the author should not have been allowed to sink into oblivion. On the contrary, he deserves immortality, and the gratitude of generations yet unborn, for we have never met with so complete a grammar of the English language in so small a space. Old, as well as young, should commit these lines to memory,

for by their aid it will be difficult, if not impossible, for them to fall into errors concerning parts of speech:"

I.
Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.

II.
A noun's the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III.
Adjectives show the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

IV.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

V.
Verbs tell us something to be done,
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

VI.
How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

VII.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

VIII.
The prepositions stand before
A noun, as in, or through, the door.

IX.
The interjection shows surprise,
As oh! how pretty—ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

THE MONTHS.—Many Eastern nations, past and present, believed, and believe that each month of the year, is under the influence of a precious stone, Zodial sign or god or goddess, which exerts its power over the destinies of anyone born during the period of its sway.

January.	Garnet.	Constancy.	Aquarius.	Juno.
February.	Amethyst.	Sincerity.	Pisces.	Neptune.
March.	Bloodstone.	Courage & presence of mind.	Aries.	Minerva.
April.	Diamond.	Innocence.	Taurus.	Venus.
May.	Emerald.	Success in love.	Gemini.	Apollo.
June.	Agate.	Health and long life.	Cancer.	Mercury.
July.	Cornelian.	Contented mind.	Leo.	Jupiter.
August.	Sardonyx.	Conjugal felicity.	Virgo.	Ceres.
September.	Chrysolite.	Antidote against madness.	Libra.	Vulcan.
October.	Opal.	Hope.	Scorpio.	Mars.
November.	Topaz.	Fidelity.	Sagittarius.	Diana.
December.	Turquoise.	Prosperity.	Capricornus.	Vesta.

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Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with acuteness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,
JOHN HOPWOOD.

"Mr. JAS. DENTON."
"The Station, Pennistone, near Sheffield, Jan. 26th, 1879.
"Mr. Denton,—Sir,—It is with great pleasure I write to say my hearing has greatly improved by using your remedies for Deafness.
I remain,
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"To Mr. Denton."
"Mr. Denton."
"Dear Sir,—After being seriously afflicted with Deafness for four or five years, I was induced through a friend to apply to you, and after the period of twenty days my hearing was perfectly restored, and I can hear as well as ever I could in my life, for which I am thankful to you, and shall at any time be most happy to recommend any person so afflicted to your care.—Yours respectfully,
JOHN MOSS."
"Seedley Grove, Pendleton, July 9th, 1878.
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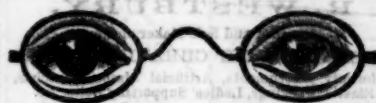
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